EUROPEs REVELS

FOR THE

PEACE,

AND

His MAJESTIES HAPPY RETURN.

A

Musical Interlude.

Performed at the

THEATRE

IN

Little LINCOLNS-INN-Fields,

BY

His MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

With a Panegyrical POEM spoken There, on the same Occasion.

Written by Mr. *MOTTEUX.*

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Tonson* at the *Judge's Head*, near the *Inner-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleet-street.* 1697.

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TO

Sir *Theodore Janssen.*

SIR,

THO' I make bold to Prefix your Name to this hasty Product of a Loyal Muse; I do not presume to Impose it on your Generous Nature in the formal way of a Dedication. I do it chiefly to acknowledge Obligations which my Poetical Circumstances will not suffer me to return as I Wish. Too Happy, if I be not thought one of those designing Debtors who come to own a Debt to have an opportunity of Enlarging it. Your Zeal for his Majesty and the Publick good has justly distinguished you among the best and most useful of his Subjects; and as it has byass'd you to think Favourably of the following Pieces in Manuscript, I hope it will incline you to Honour them with your kind Acceptance now they appear in Print. Had I been the Master of Leisure sufficient to have undertaken a Poem more worthy this great Occasion, I wou'd then have been Proud of Devoting it to your Patronage. But as these Lines are, I wholly leave them to their Fate; nor am I without Hopes of redeeming the Esteem of the Ingenious, by something more valuable on this or some such Noble Theme. 'Tis what I am most Ambitious of Attempting and what I might doubtless compass, cou'd I but Cloath in Robes of Poetry some of those admirable Ideas *which you have sometimes Communicated to me on that great Subject. But Rich and set Dresses are expensive and not so soon nor easily put on. Thus I must be content to let my Muse appear in a loose* Deshabillé; *perhaps, as well as other Females, She'll be lik'd ne're the worse for't, chiefly when Grac'd with her Singing and Dancing Attendants. 'Tis for their sakes she goes a Revelling; and after all, if she helps but to set 'em off on the Stage and make 'em Please, she may be said to have done what the most topping Muse often endeavours in vain. So hard it is to be Merry and Wise, if I may use the Expression. Those who know me well are sensible that tis not for want of good Will that I give not now something of more Moment; and others may consider that Poetry has its Curses, as well*

as Bleſſings. Poets like Miſers ſtarve themſelves for the meager ſatisfaction of leaving behind them what may Divert others, the one Toyling for the bare Fame of Wit, and the other for the Reputation of Wealth; where both ſhou'd be put to a better uſe. We ſhou'd ſtudy to reconcile thoſe two Benefits; and in that follow your Prudent Example. But few can be ſo happy as to be Maſters of your moderation in a flouriſhing Youth, and a Plentiful Fortune, or bleſt like you with a ſprightly Wit guided by a ſolid Wiſdom, at once to uſe and Improve it. You ever were a Friend to Ingenious Recreations, but your Application to important Affairs, is always Predominant over the allurement of Pleaſure when it interferes with them. Even many of the Moments which you have retriev'd from your own private Concerns, have been devoted to Diſcoveries uſeful to the Publick; while I have been condemn'd to Drudge on Laborious Triſles, and Till the barren Fields of Poetry for the precarious hopes of a ſlender Crop. Yet give me leave, Sir, to do my ſelf the Juſtice of putting you and others in mind that my Application to this ungrateful Study was at Firſt the Fruits of an involuntary Idleneſs; being Depriv'd of a handſome Patrimony in France before the War, and ſince that of the ſmall Correſpondence I had there, which is now wholly loſt. Thus I am Doom'd to Write on, having nothing to truſt to below but my Pen, and the reviving Smiles of ſome generous Noblemen, among whom I make bold with all due Veneration to mention the Great Mr. Montague; that vaſt and moſt Happy Genius, whoſe profound Sagacity, Indefatigable Care, and Admirable Conduct, have been ſo highly inſtrumental in Reforming the Coin, and reſtoring the Credit of the Nation: Sudden and amazing Wonders, which being effected in War, defeated the Hopes of the King's Enemies at home and abroad, and mightily conduc'd to the Eſtabliſhment of this glorious Peace. While the Muſes are bleſt with ſuch Patrons, we have reaſonable Hopes of ſharing the ſweets of that Univerſal Good, and of being more effectually inſpir'd to ſing the Praiſes of thoſe, to whom the World owes ſuch mighty Bleſſings. As for my Humble Muſe, 'tis what ſhe moſt earneſtly deſires, the rather ſince it may enable me to give you ſome more Authentick Marks of the deep Reſpect, with which I ſubſcribe my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

P. MOTTEUX

A

PANEGYRICAL POEM

ON

His MAJESTY.

As a PROLOGUE to this Interlude Spoken by Mr. *Hodgſon.*

WHEN *Britain* welcomes her Returning Lord,
For Peace, for Freedom, for Himſelf Reſtor'd:
Our Joy's ſhou'd, like our Bleſſings, be extreme,
And Praiſe ſhou'd wanton in its boundleſs Theme:
The King has found ſo many Ways to Bleſs,
What Muſe can ev'n her private Debt expreſs?
Let joyful Throngs then ſing their Gain's Encreaſe,
Since *Britain*'s Soul on War engender'd Peace;

Peace

The Prologue.

Peace giv'n the World her Parent to Adorn,
Got in his Camp, and in his Palace Born.
Let others ſing how He his Thunder hurl'd,
And prov'd, like *Jove*, the Umpire of the World;
How, ev'n oppoſing Foes, his Fame advance,
France ſhook the Globe, but *William* humbl'd *France*:
How wondring Kings from diſtant Empires came,
And found the Heroe greater than his Fame;
Ev'n when remote, like the Sun's active Ball,
Seeing, enliv'ning, and Controuling all;
King over Kings, by their free Choice aſſign'd,
Lord of his Fate, yet Maſter of his Mind;
By wiſe Delays, ev'n Maſter of his Foes,
Yet to the World's Command, preferring its Repoſe.
In Wonder loſt, the Muſes humble Train,
Wiſh'd but to ſing how by his Toils they gain:
But how can Words our grateful Thoughts diſplay?
Or what are Thoughts, ſuch Bleſſings to repay?
Born to give Liberty to each Degree;
He ev'n the Stage from Slav'ry's Yoke did free.
In an expenſive War, with wondring Eyes,
The Muſes ſaw New Theatres ariſe.

Wit

The Prologue.

Wit from the Gen'rous, large Supplies receiv'd,
And ev'n the Play'rs, nay, ev'n the Poets liv'd:
Nor did the Sound of War disturb our Sports,
While he, for hard Campains, disclaim'd the Ease of Courts.
Oh! Now our Rest and Freedom are ensur'd,
May he enjoy the Pleasures he secur'd!
Taught by the Vertuous Ruler of our Isle,
The Stage, Reform'd, has learnt a Chaster Style.
Ev'n with the Pious, 'twill at last be fam'd,
For Vertue cherisht, and for Vice reclaim'd:
Such Deeds in Peace, will prove the Monarch's Care,
Who, Boldly Wise, reform'd the Coyn in War.
Britain, it self a World, was first design'd
To free the Greater, then adorn Mankind:
Ease (Freedom's best Attendant) here will raise
In heighten'd Souls, the Noble Lust of Praise.
Royal Academies shall grace the Age,
And many *Dorsets* Patronize the Stage.
To *William*'s Court, all Noble Arts will run;
The Muses move still Westward like the Sun.
His Fame by them, and They by him shall live,
He who gave Peace, will ev'ry Blessing give.

The

The Perſons Repreſented in the Interlude.

AN *Engliſh* Officer.	Mr. *Boman.*
Meſſenger of Peace.	Mrs. *Hodgſon.*
An *Engliſh* Country man.	Mr. *Trefuſes.*
An *Engliſh* Countrey Woman	Mrs. *Lawſon.*
A *Dutch* Boor.	Mr. *Bright.*
A *French* Officer.	Mr. ----
An *Engliſh* Lady.	Mrs. *Boman.*
An *Iriſh* Raparee.	Mr. *Lee.*
A Country Laſs.	Mrs. *Willis.*
A Soldier.	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
A *Savoyard* with a Raree Show.	Jem. *la Roche.*

Spaniards, Dutch, French and *Engliſh* Dancers.
Twelve Grenadeers who Exerciſe.
Chorus of *Britains* and other Nations.

Europe's

EUROPE's REVELS,

AN

INTERLUDE.

Perform'd at the Theatre in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, at the King's Return after the Concluſion of the Peace.

Set to Muſick by Mr. John Eccles.

After a Warlike Symphony, an Alarm with Trumpets and Drums.

Enter an Engliſh Officer.

ARm, *Britons!* hark! how from afar
Alarming Drums and Trumpets call to War.
"*France*, whoſe exerted Pow'rs decreaſe,
"Collects them for a laſt Effort;
"But when ſhe cannot fright, will court
"And bribe us into Peace.

The Lines that are thus mark'd (") are left out in the Singing leſt the Performance ſhould be too long.

Enter Britons.

Officer.

See how all the Brave assemble!
How they hurry
All to Glory!
William Thunders, Armies tremble.
Death or Conquest is the Cry.
Now we sally,
Now they fly;
Now they rally,
Charge, and dye.
Cannons roaring,
Squadrons pouring;
Shouting,
Routing,
We pursue 'em,
We Subdue 'em.
Rage and Horror, Groans and Fear,
Blood and Slaughter ev'ry where.

The Chorus with all the Instruments repeat the foregoing Lines from See how all the Brave, *&c.*

Enter a Lady at the Close of the Chorus, and the Martial Musick immediately changes, at her first Word, into softer Notes, with accompaniments of Flutes.

Peace! Peace! Peace tunes the World; Harmonious Peace
Bids War and Discord cease.

Thus

Thus does it Heav'n and *William* pleaſe,
William whom nothing can oppoſe,
Who can like *Neptune* calm the Seas,
And bleſs, like *Jove*, his very Foes.

Advance, happy Nations, to praiſe him, advance,
From *Britain*, from *Spain*, from *Belgia*, from *France*;
Sing *William*, and Peace, ſing, revel, and dance.

Enter many People of ſeveral Nations: Among them a Spaniard, *and a* Spaniſh *Woman with Caſtanets; then a* Dutch *Boor and Boorin, a* French *Valet and Waiting-Woman, and an* Engliſh *Clown and his Wife dance after their Country Faſhion.*

After the four Nations have danc'd ſeverally, the Engliſh *Clown ſpeaks to the reſt.*

Eng. Clo. Hold Neighbours; ſince our Country has ſet you all a Dancing, you ſhall eene dance after our Country Faſhion: As for my Brother *Hans* the *Dutch*-man, his Hopping, (Dancing I ſhou'd have ſaid) agrees well enough with mine; As well, I cot, as the Fiddle and the Dancing Bear.

Dutchm. Yaw varacktick Broeder. [*Moſt of the reſt is omitted.*

Eng. Clo. But this Outlandiſh *Spaniard*; And you, Maſter Monſieur, don't foot it a whit like unto us; why, you wriggle and friſk about like the Hobby Horſe in a Morrice; but that's no wonder, for they ſay the very Dogs, Heav'n bleſs us! dance in your Country. Then there's he there briſtles like one of our Turkeys; ſtalks about like a Boy on

a pair of Stilts, and ſnaps his Fingers like *Roger* our Barber, or like the Puppet in the Recreation of the orld.

Eng. Wo. Come Husband wee'll e'ne change Partners; let me alone for teaching one of the Gentlefolks.

Eng. Clo. Odszooks, you're in woundy haſte to be doing with Gentlefolks, goody Nimble-hips: Theſe Wives are always plaguy ready to change Partners, and ſhake their Tails with Strangers: Well no matter, there's the *French* Monſieur, go beſtir your Stumps together: Let *Jack Spaniard* take *Hans* the *Dutch*-mans Vroe; And let her be ſure to put him in when he's out: Come Maſter Signior, As my Dame ſays, Wee'll change Wives; Odszooks, that's all the Faſhion with us now adays; wert not for changing now and then, there would not be half the Dancing that there is among us — Hey-day! I fancy this ſame *Spaniard* is like moſt other folks, he does not care any Body ſhould dance with his Wife; But he's for dancing with every body's Wife but his own. Od's niggs, tis all a Caſe; for once it ſhall be as I ſay: Come Cuckolds all arow.——Play me an Engliſh Horn-pipe.

A French *Officer makes his Adreſſes to an* Engliſh *Lady.*

Fr. Off. Madame, me be, de tout Mon Cœur,
Your very humble Serviteur.
Begar me wiſh to have de Peace,
Only to come embrace your Knees.
Your Roy Guillaume is brave en Diable;
Me ſaw him take *Namur* dat's impregnable.
'We all lookt on, for we had den
'But hundra twenty touſan Men.

You

Your Soldier can do Wonders too,
And love to Fight as we to Dance;
But had day all been ſuch as you,
Begar, dey wou'd have Conquer *France*.

E. Lad. Still the ſame I find you are,
Skill'd alike in Love and War.
Gallantry in both you ſhew,
But a little Falſhood too;
And with Strong deluding Art,
Win a Fort, or bribe a Heart;
Tho' 'tis like Inconſtant Men,
But to give 'em up again.

French Of. We be like all de Vorld indeed,
And give up vat we cannot keep;
But if me get Poſſeſſion here,
Me never give you up, Begar. [*Struggles with her.*

Eng. Lady. Forbear, forbear!

Fr. Of. Ma Chére! My Dear!

Engl. L. 'Tis all in vain.

Fr. Off. Is't all in vain?

Eng. L. 'Tis all in vain.

Fr. Off. Is't all in vain? Jer'nie! me then—
me,—Begar, me go home again.

Both. Adieu, adieu, go home again.

To him a French *Woman.*

'Oh! Vat do I ſee?
'Will dis Ingrat ſtill vanton be,
'And to gain oders Ruin me?

Eng.

E. Lad. 'Let roving Thoughts and wandring ceaſe,
'And ſigh no more for Foreign Charms:
'At Home enjoy the ſweets of Peace,
'In your fond faithful Conſorts Arms.

[*All three repeat the laſt four Lines*]

An Engliſh *Officer to the* Engliſh *Lady.*

He. 'Now, my Dear the War is over,
'And I can be wholly thine.
'Come be kind: Yield to your Lover,
'And no Flame ſhall laſt like mine.

She. 'Hold, Sir Bully! who'd ſurrender
'When the Siege is hardly laid?
''Tis not ev'ry bold Pretender,
'Whoſe firſt Summons is obey'd.

He. ''Tis our way now to be daring,
'And at once to come and take;
'Preſſing, ſtorming, without caring,
'What Reſiſtance you can make.

She. 'Feeble Towns may thus be taken,
'Chiefly when ſurpriz'd or ſold;
'Then they're plunder'd, and forſaken;
'But I can defend my Hold.

He. 'You'll be us'd as ill, if early
'On good Terms you do not yield.

She

She. 'I'm aſham'd to beat a Parly, [*Baſhfully.*
'But you're Maſter of the Field.

He. 'You ſhall be well treated; fear not:
'Let the Fortreſs be reſign'd.

She. 'Oh! Your Servant, Sir, I dare not,
'Till the Articles are Sign'd.

Both.

'Come, 'tis juſt it ſhould be ſo,
'Since, like Foes, all Lovers deal:
'Here's my Hand, now let us go,
'And within we'll Sign and Seal. [*Exeunt.*

A CLOWN.

'Come Neighbours, now there's Peace let's Sing:
'Troth I love thoſe that love the King.
'To ſee his Liege, I came alone,
'And left the Parſon with my *Joane*.
'Jog *Joggy*, jog on; drive, drive on the Waggon:
'Go *Gaffer*, jog on, go, get us a Flaggon.

2.

'Our Landlords thought the Taxes deep;
'But we muſt Sow e're we can Reap.

'What

'What Clown can grudge his Money now?
'Odsnigs, not I; and so, *God speed the Plow.*
'Jog, *Joggy*, jog on; drive, drive on the Waggon,
'Go, *Gaffer*, jog on; go get us a Flaggon.

Enter an Irish Rapparee.

1.

Hub, ub ub, booh
Dish can't be true:
The War does cease,
But there's no Peace.
I know, and find
'Tis Seal'd and Sign'd,
But won't believe 'tis true.
Hubub, ub, booh.

2.

A hohne! a hohne!
Poor Teague's undone.
I dare not be
A Raparee:
I ne're shall see,
Magrawmacree, *His Mistress.*
Nor my more dear Garon.
A hohne! a hohne.

Away,

3.

Away, away!
I muſt huzzah:
'Twill hide my Fears,
And ſave my Ears;
The Mob appears.
Here's to *Naſſau*,
Dear Joys 'tis Uſquebaugh.
Huzzah! Huzzah!

A Country Laſs.

Come Girls, let's be merry; the War's at an end;
We all ſhall get Husbands: The times now will mend:
There's I and our *Mary*,
Black *Suſan* and Sarah,
Were Woundily Weary,
With living Unwed;
In a woful quandary,
How we ſhould do to tarry.
None ask'd me to Marry,
Or part with my Maidenhead.
Our beſt Lads to the Wars went ſo faſt,
And the reſt were moſt of 'em ſuch Loobies,
E Cod, I fear'd we at laſt
Muſt ha' ſuiter'd the Lubberly Boobies.

Enter a Soldier, who runs and kisses her.

Dear *Joany*,
My Hony.
What hast thou forgot me? O— How the Wench Stares!
I'm *Thomas* the *Threſher*, juſt come from the Wars.
I'm ſtill thy Sweer-heart; and by Cannons and Mortars,
I'le take thee by Storm; and I'll beat up thy Quarters.
He. By Cannons and Mortars,
I'll beat up thy Quarters.
She. Hold, *Thomas*! you may not
Nay, *Thomas* you ſha' not.
She. Go, I hate you, I vow;
You look, and you talk like a Gentleman now.
Come, off with this Geer,
And d'on the Reparel, that once you did wear.
Go, I hate you, I vow.
You look, and you talk like a Gentleman now.
He. Well ſince the War's over, my Brav'ry ſhall down.
Off goes the brave Soldier, on goes the plain Clown.

[*He pulls off his Red Coat, Throws down his Arms and his Wig, and appears, in a Moment, dreſt like a Country Fellow; ſhe leers on him all the while, and then at laſt runs and kiſſes him.*

She. Oh now how I like thee! Oh now I'm thy own!
Thou art Handſomer now,
And finer, I vow,
Than all the ſpruce Gentry and Boars in our Town.

Both

Both Merrily.

Thus now we agree.
Let all do like me, *She*, Like thee.
To keep their Necks free.
Leave threshing of Jackets, and get 'em all Wives;
Then thresh in their Barns, with a thump, thump, thump;
Then thresh in their Barns, and lead all merry Lives.

Enter a Young Savoyard *with a Rareeshow.*

O *Rareeshow*! brave Show!
VVho see my fine Show?

[*He lays down his Show, opens it and shows it, singing first a* Savoyard Song.

Here be d'*Inglish* and *French* to eatch oder most civil,
Shaka Hand, aud be Friends, and hug like de Deevel
O *Rareeshow* &c. [*He turns the Motion at every Burthen.*
Here be de *Savoyards* a trudgin tro *France*,
To sweep a de Shimny, to sing and to dance.
O *Rareeshow*, &c.
Here be de Great *Turk*, and de Great King of no Land;
And dere be some gallop from *Hungary* and *Poland*.
O *Rareeshow*, &c.
Here's de brave *English Beau* for *de* Packet Bot tarries,
To go make his Campain, with his Taylor at *Paris*.
O *Rareeshow*, &c.

Here

Here be d'honeſt Capitain a curſing de Peace.
Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Miſs.
O *Rareeſhow*, &c.
Here be d'*Engliſh* Ship fetch Plenty and Riches.
And dere de *French* Caper a mending his Breeches.
O Rareeſhow, &c.
Here be de Grumbler ſet out Lights and diſſemble,
And dere be de Mob make 'um ſquitter and tremble.
O Raree Show, &c.
Here be de Sea Capitain a reeling aſhore,
Here's one ſpend all his Pay, and boarding a Whore.
O Raree Show, &c.
Here be de brave Trainband a drinking Carouſes,
And dere be de Soldiers a ſtorming deir Spouſes.
O Rara Show! brave Show!
Who ſee my fina Show?

[*Sings the* Savoyard's *Ditty, and Exit.*

Twelve Grenadeers rejoyce for the King's Return, and exerciſe at the ſound of the Hautbois and other Inſtruments.

The Grand Chorus.

Rejoyce, rejoyce, the World has Reſt,
William returns, and all are bleſt.
He comes, he comes, the beſt of Kings;
More welcome than the Peace he brings.
Run to meet him,
Haſte to greet him.

In

In lofty Notes ſound *William*'s Praiſe!
Sing gentle Peace in ſofteſt Lays!
Hail! Ye great Bleſſings of Mankind!
Glorious *William*! gentle Peace!
Live and reign for ever join'd.

The End of the Interlude.

Words for a ſingle Song on the Kings Return.

Deſign'd for a Private Performance.

Come, let us revel, drink, and ſing,
We have a Peace, we have our King,
Now, *Britain*, thou'rt a happy Nation.
Thy Lord, whoſe Toyls the World have freed,
That like a Chaos diſagreed,
May reſt, and view his new Creation.
There's nothing left for thee to do,
But to thy ſelf, thy ſelf be true,
And joyful homage pay him.
Thou'rt lov'd, admird, and fear'd abroad;
Rebellion's quell'd, and Faction's aw'd:
Command the World while you obey him!

See! *Britain*'s happy Sons rejoyee!
Now Heav'n and Peace confirm our Choice.

We're

We're happy all,
The great, the Small,
The Old, the Young,
The Weak, the Strong,
The Poor who wants,
The Rich who grants,
The Saint who cants,
The Rake who rants,
The thoughtleſs Squire, the thinking Wit,
The truſted Beau, the truſting Cit;
The Clown, the Lawyer, the Tarpawlin,
And ev'ry Sect, and ev'ry Calling.
All think of new Bleſſings, new Plenty will reign,
The Richer will ſave, and the poorer will gain.
The Toper in Claret will find all his Wants,
And the Clown in right *Nants*,
Will whip off his Noggin;
The Matron her cold Tea will ſip,
The Saylor his Punch and his Flip,
And the Bawd her flaming Snapdragon.
Thus all hearts are eas'd,
And new Joys on us call;
For his own private Good each of us is pleas'd,
And the King for the good of us all.

FINIS.